

Sit Down, Breathe, And Just Listen

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stan Uris, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Beverly Marsh/Eleven, Beverly Marsh/Eleven (Stranger Things), Beverly Marsh/Original Female Character(s), Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Richie Tozier is only quiet when he's listening to music.

Or, Richie Tozier makes the Losers Club some mixtapes.

1. Beverly Marsh

“Help me make a mix.” Bev said, popping her head into Richie’s room where he sat with his feet hanging out his window. His boom box next to him playing quietly, a song Bev didn’t recognize.

“Hmmm,” Richie said blowing the smoke out of his mouth from the cigarette he had between two fingers, “what’s in it for me?” He asked, grinning cheekily. Bev rolled her eyes and squatted down next to his boombox, quickly popping the track out of the machine.

“Hey!” Richie called out, putting out his cigarette and grabbing for his mix, but it was too late Bev had already seen it.

“You’re Gay Richie Tozier?” She asked, sitting down next to Richie who had put his head in his hands as not to show the girl his blush. “That’s quite an interesting name for a mixtape Rich, but props for the originality. Now I’m gonna have to name mine something different.” She said nonchalantly, but there was a bit of nerves to the way she said it. Like she wasn’t sure it was gonna go over well.

Richie’s jaw dropped and his head quickly snapped up from it’s place in his hands.

“You’re a dyke Bev?” He asked incredulously, to which Bev just glared at him.

“No dumbass, I like guys too.” She said, bracing herself for the disgust that usually comes after admitting she can’t make up her fucking heart’s mind. Richie just looked at her curiously.

“You can do that?” He asked, and Bev let out a small sigh. This wasn’t a bad response but it wasn’t a good one persay.

“Yeah, why you think you might be in my boat?” She asked, nudging him with her foot, her flip flop slipping slightly off of her foot. Richie rolled his eyes and nudged her back.

“Bev you know I’m strictly dicky.” He said, making her snort. “Besides I’ve got heart eyes for our little hypochondriac if you

haven't noticed." Richie was blushing at his confession, and Bev just scoffed.

"If I haven't noticed, Richie of course I've noticed. I'm surprised you're even smoking since he can't stand it." She admitted, turning over the mixtape that was still in her hands and running her fingers over the track mix and the little notes written after each song name.

Richie sighed and flicked the put out cigarette off of the ledge their feet were dangling on. "Yeah I've been trying to quit, this is my first cig in a while." Richie wrung his hands, an uncharacteristic sight for the loudmouth. "Just, sometimes you need that feeling you know? Nothing ever lasts forever." The boy looked so tired.

His exhaustion was understandable, between living normal puberty ridden teen lives they now all had heaps of PTSD and constant bullying piled on them. And as strong as Richie seemed things took their toll.

"I get you Tozier. Now are you going to help me make a mixtape or are we going to sit and talk about our feelings?" She asked, handing Richie back his cassette tape. He smirked at her.

"You know Bev, I think we're gonna make a mix." He stood up, not bothering to brush off the debris from his windowsill that was clinging to his shorts. The boy popped the mix back into the boombox and started to hum along to an upbeat song, the same one she didn't recognize when she walked in Richie's room.

"Ya got any ideas for songs to put on this?" He asked, digging through a mesh basket next to his messy bed, pulling out supplies. "Better yet," he said, turning to face Bev who was still sitting with her feet out the window, "got a special someone you're making this about?"

At his cheeky grin she flushed, the air from the outside suddenly feeling soothing instead of the slightly biting chill it was. "Yeah." She mumbled, thinking about the girl she sees each year, a girl whose shaved head gave an aura of mystery and the curls that were coming in reminded her of those models she always saw in her father's magazines.

“Who?” Richie asked, spinning around so quickly she thought the boy’s glasses might fly off.

“This girl.” Bev started, trying to figure out how to explain the girl who was still a mystery for the most part. “She lives in the town where I stay with my aunt. Her name’s Eleven.” At the mention of her name, Richie’s face paled. She cocked her head in curiosity.

“You mean the chick my cousin thinks he has the hots for?” Richie asked. “Ever see a boy there, looks like me but he has no glasses, flat hair, and is a fucking nerd?” Bev wracked her brain, Richie was very recognizable so it wasn’t hard to figure out who he was talking about.

“Mike Wheeler? That’s your cousin?” She asked curiously, the boy was a lot different than the trashmouth they all knew and loved. Richie nodded, his face showing his obvious discontent with his cousin. Bev didn’t push the subject anymore.

“So you got a thing for that mystery chick? Nice, we can be pining losers together now.” Richie said, chuckling at his own joke and holding out his fist for Bev to bump, which she did.

“So!” The boy exclaimed, taking his cassette and shoving it into Beverly’s hands along with a blank cover and a few permanent markers. “Let’s get to it! What songs you want on this hunk of lovey dovey junk?” He sat down with a thunk, pulling his boombox closer to the two.

They sat for hours, the sun shining through the cracked window illuminating the dust particles that danced around the room as the sound of many voices filled the space. Interspersed with songs was a curious silence, the normally loudmouthed boy in his element as he rewinded and recorded with Bev by his side, sitting quiet for a while.

As they finished up Richie started doodling and writing short snippets of comments on the cover of Bev’s mixtape. Bev grabbed the tape itself and popped it into the boombox, letting the familiar sound of Pat Benatar’s voice croon out Heartbreaker.

Richie smiled slightly, writing a final note on the track note with a flourish and placing it next to the machine for when they were done

listening.

She sat back, let out a deep breath, and just listened.

Notes for the Chapter:

there's mixtapes for every loser and also georgie and
them all together

next chap is the two mixes mentioned in this chap

kudos and comments make me cry

2. Mixtapes 1 and 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Mix: You're Gay Richie Tozier and Mix: The Pretty Girls

From Richie to Richie and from Richie to Bev

<https://open.spotify.com/user/tilucki/playlist/2aipTwO7GlfNejAi8ExMbR>

Mix: You're Gay Richie Tozier

Track 1 - Wild Heart, Bleachers *Listen when you can't forget that damn clown.*

Track 2 - It's Raining Men, The Weather Girls *Did Eddie literally quote this when he came out? Who knows.*

Track 3 - Disciples, Tame Impala *This is good to smoke to, but quit so Eddie might kiss you eventually.*

Track 4 - Always Forever, Cults *Kinda wanna hold his hand, kinda wanna hold his dick.*

Track 5 - Never Gonna Give You Up, Rick Astley *This is Very Romantic, Eddie doesn't like it so I guess no go at the wedding.*

Track 6 - Wouldn't It Be Nice, The Beach Boys *Don't remember putting this on, I'll blame Stan.*

Track 7 - Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You, Frankie Valli *You absolute SAP Richie Tozier.*

Track 8 - I Wanna Dance With Somebody, Whitney Houston *That school dance was hell, but remember you still have those damn polaroids of him in that pink suit.*

Track 9 - Everybody Wants To Rule The World, Tears For Fears *Here's to the first song you admitted you liked.*

Track 10 - Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go, Wham! *Don't leave me behind Eds! As much as I love to watch you go I don't like the feeling.*

Track 11 - Paracetamol, Declan McKenna *Remind him to take his meds, and never ever mention the three inhalers you bought that summer.*

Track 12 - Awkward, FIDLAR *Get a guitar, play this, BAM!*

Track 13 - Mr. Blue Sky, ELO *TLDR: You're gay for Eddie Spaghetti, play this mix for him when he sleeps.*

<https://open.spotify.com/user/bugletvk/playlist/15rIlOhfWRv9izMrNn4gHb>

Mix: The Pretty Girls

Track 1 - Heartbreaker, Pat Benatar *Pat's kinda butchy, kinda sexy, just like you and from what I hear your mystery girl.*

Track 2 - Jessie's Girl, Rick Springfield *This one's dedicated to my cousin, move outta Bev's territory or I will shove you off the roof again.*

Track 3 - Let's Get Married, Bleachers ;)

Track 4 - 8675309 Jenny, Tommy Tutone *Change your number to this when you get a phone at your aunt's house and I'll suck your nonexistent dick.*

Track 5 - Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic, The Police *"Everything she does just turns me on ;))))))))))*

Track 6 - Man! I Feel Like A Woman!, Shania Twain *Since you're a dyke now...*

Track 7 - Come On Eileen, Dexys Midnight Runners *I really like this one, so come on Beverly!*

Track 8 - Girls Just Wanna Have Fun, Cyndi Lauper *Girls just wanna have girls.*

Track 9 - Footloose, Kenny Loggins *Only you and Eddie enjoyed this movie.*

Track 10 - Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You, Frankie Valli *Here's a sappy song, play it at you and mystery chick's wedding ok?*

Here's room for 10 more songs, don't forget little old me and listen often ok?

Notes for the Chapter:

follow me on tumblr @floralconversesations
my stan rp acc is @tellmeabthebirdsgeorge
kudos and comments make me happy

Author's Note:

This is gonna be long, bc I have mixtapes for all the losers.